

PS 3523

.A245

S6

1920

Copy 1

SONGS AND SONNETS

BY

CHARLES R. LADD

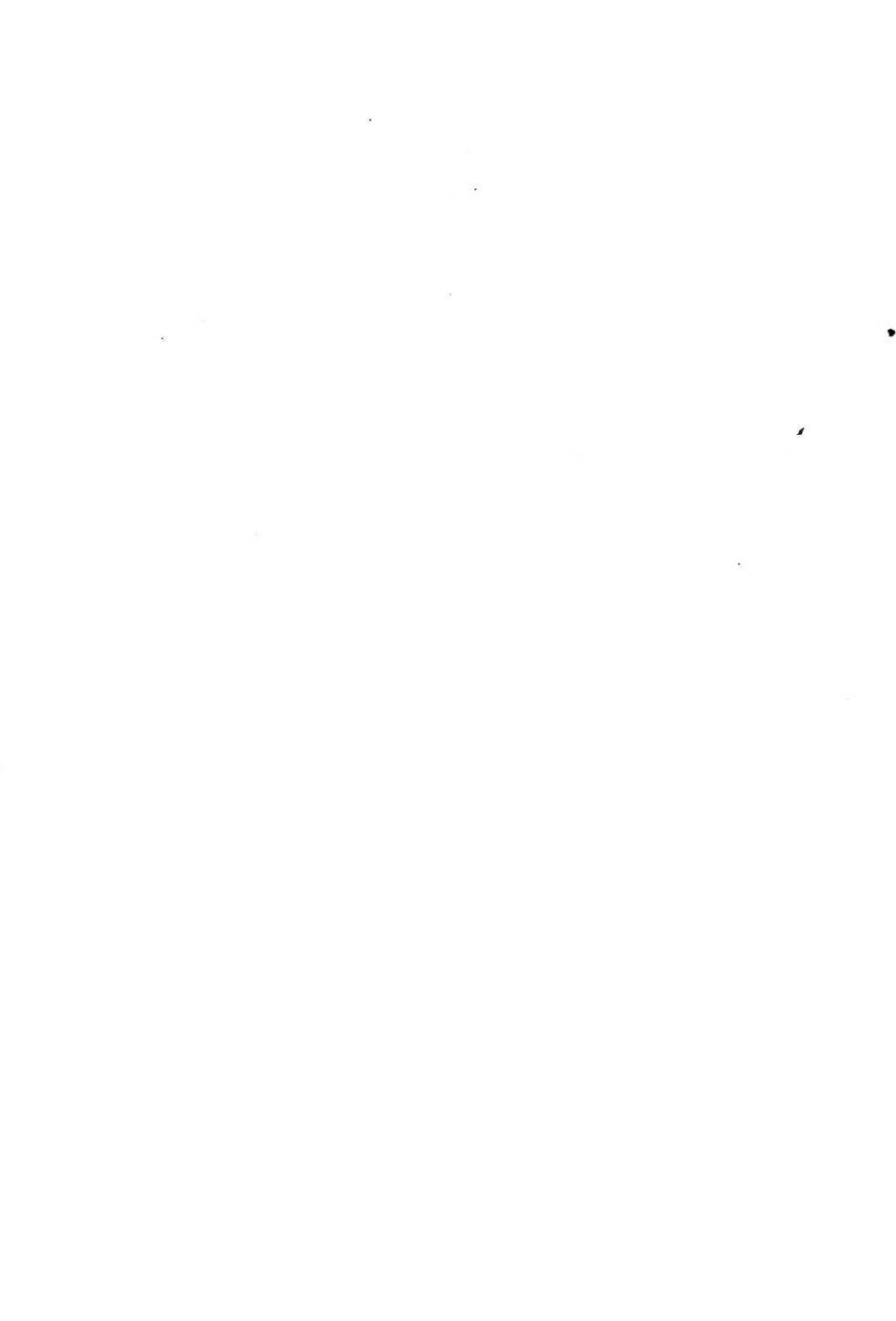


Class PS 352 3

Book A24536

Copyright N° 1980

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.



SONGS AND SONNETS

BY

CHARLES R. LADD

1920

FIX & MILLER

BATAVIA, N. Y.

JUL 12 1920

©Cl.A570644

TO
J. M. M.

Copyright 1920
FIX & MILLER
By C. R. L.

CONTENTS

Journey's End	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	7
Song	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	8
Sonnet	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	9
Fragments	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	10
I. Italy	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	11
II. Sunset	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	12
III. Love	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	13
IV. Corpora Casta	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	14
V. Thea	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	15
Song	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	16
April	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	17
Eve	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	18
Song	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	19
Said Corydon	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	20
Sonnets	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	21
I. A Woman	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	22
II. March	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	23
III. Sleep	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	24
IV. Integer Vitae	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	26
V. Loss	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	27
VI. Evening and Morning-Star	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	28
VII. All a Summer's Day	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	29
VIII. Primordia	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	30
IX. Springtide	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	31
Sonnets From the Seven Hills	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	32
I. Io sognai	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	33
II. Non ricchezza	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	34

III.	Fa sospendermi	-	-	-	-	-	35
IV.	Mai si bella la terra	-	-	-	-	-	36
V.	O tu! quando saresti partita	-	-	-	-	-	37
VI.	La sua cara figura tremulosa	-	-	-	-	-	38
VII.	Quando quegli assassini	-	-	-	-	-	39
VIII.	Ma ti cognosc'io	-	-	-	-	-	40
IX.	O fossi un'uomo	-	-	-	-	-	41
X.	Quando io veggo	-	-	-	-	-	42
XI.	Cara, pensava baciarti	-	-	-	-	-	43
XII.	Le ale portano	-	-	-	-	-	44
XIII.	Tutto glorificando	-	-	-	-	-	45
XIV.	Mi viene una notte d'autunno	-	-	-	-	-	46
XV.	Cercai la tranquillita della valle Tempe	-	-	-	-	-	47
XVI.	Quando torno dallo strepito del mondo	-	-	-	-	-	48
XVII.	L'ultima foglia	-	-	-	-	-	49
The Lost Love	-	-	-	-	-	-	50
Good Deeds	-	-	-	-	-	-	59

JOURNEY'S END.

A lane I know whose grassy windings turn
'Long two stone walls; there yellow buttercup,
Wild aster, and the downy foxglove bell
Grow in the close-cropped grass in unconcern;
And when the dawn has called the warm sun up
The morning dews upon his blades will tell
The fires that in their crystal centers burn.

And there are apple trees with laden boughs
Where the mourning dove's all piteous moan
Startles the quiet at the close of day;
For 'mid their fragrant buds she builds her house
And sweet tho saddest sings when now fordone
The merry songsters leave their airy way,
And calves are couched beside the mother cows.

And to a farmhouse old this lane extends,
Where a girl of brown eyes and dark hair
Lives with delicate arms to welcome me;
And in the rest her tender bosom lends
Is happiness complete, and sweet despair
From which no mortal would wish to be free
When such a heart such love so fairly spends.

SONG.

Up with the dawn gay lark

That singest my ladye fair,

As Phoebus sends his dart

On her chamber there.

Sing the pride of the muses,

Warble my lady's pride,

Each one as he chooses,—

She is my lovely bride.

Flatter her fair tresses

Brown as the chestnut burr,—

No one but confesses

How he would rival her.

Sing her ever, blithesome lark,

Bird of the blue, from dawn to dark.

SONNET.

Bright star that on the world dost calmly gaze,
 Would I were far and fair and free as thou:
 There is no sorrow in thy peaceful brow,
Nor weariness from treading earthly ways.
Thy course eternal knows nor lets nor stays,
 And heavenly thou along thy path dost go;
 Death will not check thine ardent fiery glow,
Nor cloud long dim the brilliance of thy rays.
But a few years and I shall be no more:
 O for the wind's wings; let ambition ride
And touch upon the farthest peopled shore
 That ever poet ecstasy descried;
And all the soul in song and music pour
 In radiant beauty like thee this eventide.

Fragments.

I. ITALY.

In Florence 'mon cher' we'll live by Arno's bank
And watch the soft grey waters wind away,
Or ride from bridge to bridge alone,—alone
And loving, each by each, we'll foot the hills.
Your sister shall, your brother too, live there;
And living, ever loving, there we'll die.
He'll woo a princess, she shall have a Duke,—
We'll live, O Sweetheart, there till death.

II. SUNSET.

Dark clouds impearled from the golden West

Move fleeting night-winged, as they drift away

Dreamlike, conscious, purposeful, in quest

Calm watching; in their wake

Along the deeper blue soft stars display

A growing splendor,—now each to his rest

Bird calls and whirr of wings spring-songsters take.

III. LOVE.

He who has not felt thee burn his heart
Under his lady's alcove late at night,
Or felt thee soothing in his sweetheart's arms,
Or known thee meek and kind in mother's eyes,
Or felt thee great and strong, all glorifying,
Fresh-poured from Christ's compassionate breast,—
That one has much to seek and much to find
If he would know the beauty of this life.

IV. CORPORA CASTA.

Beautiful thy marble columns, O Athens:
Beautiful thy ruins ancient Greece,—
Thy shrines and temples in Aegean Isles;
But beautiful, only most beautiful
The pure and upright heart whose chaste temple
The body human and immaculate.

V. THEA.

At even oft I've watched thee here at rest,—

Here as I write, and wished to touch thy hand,
Numb'd at thy hair's faint sweetness, tired for thy breast,

Plight in thy beauty, borne to thy command.
But when I've thot to touch thee, ah! why pray,
O lovely fair! pale you and turn away?

SONG.

Hide O sweet those eyes that darkle
Under thy great snowy brow;
Ban their little loves that sparkle,—
Or but do thou tell me how
I may 'scape their witcheries now.

Take those lips whose rosy sweetness
Lingers o'er mine eyelids here;
Bury love their arch completeness,—
Or the springtide of the year
Must lay them tribute on my bier.

And those sweets thy bosom bears,
Love, can I alive endure,
Or the thousand little cares
That thy love doth me assure:
Hath such love no other cure?

APRIL.

April to me love art thou:
Thy spirit pervading is blush for the winter,
Heighten'd in maple and apple tree-bough,—
Poet of life, magic prophet, O minter
Of all May and Summer and Autumn allow;
If I could catch you sprite, and have you there
With watery clouds wind-driven with an air
Most fresh,—all gold and silver twixt sun and rain,—
Kissing sound buds, and with your exquisite pain
Teasing my heart,—nor leave your grass-plots green,
Or first Hepaticas, half open, seen
In pink and white and purple, and so faint
Sense aches at their fresh sweetness,—oh then quaint
Spirit of youth opposed in olden song
Of love in accents of an antique tongue,
I'd never let you go.
But you are rare,
Haunting me to tremulous mad despair.

EVE.

Greatest, God, of gifts you give
Surely is thy darling Eve:
Wondrous-wrought and beautiful,
Pure and good and dutiful,
Eve, I ill can sing thy praise
Tho I live it thru my days:
Thou that taughtst me first to know
True and false, and bliss and woe,—
And the magic of thine art,
And thy tiny beating heart,
And thy loneliness and thy fondness,
And thy weakness, and thy wanness,
Showed love was the fairest thing
Of the gifts that thou didst bring.
Thou being given to me, didst give
Thy gifts and yet hadst more to give.
Thy beauty passing gleameth there
A soul that daily grows more fair:
So find I heaven in thine eyes,
In thine arms find paradise.
Fair are the gifts thou gav'st and give,
And greatest, God, thy gift of Eve.

SONG.

Spring is fleet, but youth is fleeter,
And spring once gone will come again,—
But youth and all its pleasures sweeter
Than springtide passing and its pain
Budding soon blossoms nor comes again.

SAID CORYDON.

Sweet heart mine, how more dear
For Thee, each season of the year:
When Winter breaks and Spring be come,
Give thy hand, we'll seek our home
Among the pretty-passion'd rills
That lead to faery in the hills,—
Where they leap the falls and play
Music rippling,—there, where they
Are fairest in the clustered vine
And sweet with flowers, where fragrant pine
Will check the north's unquiet moan,
Our house shall pleasantly be done.
And in its rose-embowered walls
Sweet birds shall chant their madrigals
O'mornings when the grass is wet,
Evenings as the sun doth set.
And sweet, when hawthorne buds appear,
And violet crowns each pensioner
Of spring,—or fragrant on the breeze
Shy flowers pry thru the russet leaves,
We'll touch and see them where they grow.
Bold Titan with his fiery glow
Shall spend his kissing in brown plenty
On us,—Oh, when sweet thou'rt twenty.

Sonnets.

I. A WOMAN.

I never loved a woman only one:

Lovely she was and thereto very wise,

And hers were quiet understanding eyes

Whose wondrous depths held love for everyone.

Among her fellows she had peer in none,—

Yet never any with forged jealousies

Would long against her kindness arise,

So steadfast was her course like heaven's sun.

To her in reverence bowed I spake my love:

Her love was greater and, with gentle voice

So excellent in woman, she reproved:

‘Not yet her heart would make its earthly choice.’

And when with tears and silence I removed

Still there was room within me to rejoice.

II. MARCH.

Last night was bitter chill, with yet a taint
Of some new mystery, some spirit band
That with old winter-weather fast in hand
Spoke softly in their ecstasy. A quaint
Prodigious sight did I have too on faint
And misty snowspread hills and clear'd woodland
Of Wat who crazed seem: majestic, grand,
He darkling sniffed the air, and with a feint
Scampered and crossed as any genius maddened
Of stump or fallow grey, whilst 'a oft outran
Himself, and halt as soon the gladdened
Air to sniff,—then, madly as he can
Caper'd in antic musits,—Mad-March-hare
He was, today's soft thaw and breeze declare.

III. SLEEP.

O thou who hast been absent from mine eyes

Pour round me now, and with thy magic fine
Lull me to thy tender charities,

Whilst constelled thine ardent sisters shine.
Thou dost kiss the ruddiness of youth

When proud dreams sweep imagination far
On mighty deeds of love, wherein no ruth

Doth pity giant fierce or cruel bear;
And dewy night thou visitest many a flower,

And they do lock their sweetness up again,
Whilst oft thou bidest thru a quiet hour

Of healing a poor weary vagrant pain.
Yet on the bearers of the cares of state
Thou least dost tend, nor on the crowned great.

IV. INTEGER VITAE.

O God how dear to them their consciousness
Of self enshrined in upright heart and pure,
How they may face into the future sure,
While all their actions serenely express
Their spirit knowing Thee, who freely bless
Their praised deeds and countenance demure,
And in thy impregnate bosom dost immure
These heaven-right denizens in happiness.
Yet have I seen others who sometimes swerved,
Failing the self-right course appoint by Thee,
Who in the quiet of their hearts reserved
A gentle space where Thou mightst wander free:
Those in their goodness Thou hast well preserved;
These in the world have found a home for Thee.

V. LOSS.

Again depression grey has dulled my heart:

Gone is the sweetness of the wanton spring;
Her votaries have followed her apart;

Now die the flowers more swift than blossoming.
No more do children honor high the May,

Crowned with budding wreaths in merry dance;
Delicate the graces leave to play

Along the breezes with all-artful glance.

Where have they gone? O Spring, thou wooing time,

How fair wert thou by that thee love did lend,
When in the vigorous fragrance of thy prime

Love in a thousand woodlands thou didst send;
And love as sweetly kissed me on the brow,
And left with thee by which I suffer now.

•

VI. EVENING AND MORNING-STAR.

I woo thee star, one quiet summer's eve

Thy mellow light may lead my true love here
To yonder casement ready to receive

The warmth and sweetness of her figure dear.
And let soft music play o'er flowery lawn

And orchard or a pleasant watered shore
At that still hour when to their nests have gone

All but the nightingale, whose heart doth pour
Upon the middle night her even song.

Full-wearied and with worldly care fordone
Let me forget one moment I belong

To men,—that I should ease their piteous moan.
Of rest and wisdom let me find the sum
Til thy fair sister of the morning come.

VII. ALL A SUMMER'S DAY.

One summer's day I climbed a little hill
And laid me down: aloft iridescently
Sunlit clouds dreamed on the azure sky;
Giants in tumbled locks the air did fill,—
Antaeus earth-born, Hercules,—and still
From Wales and dark Northumberland stalked by
Those mighty men of old: who holds the high
Arched vault of heaven, Titans, demons shrill.
But soon a gentle stir from heaven set
These visions naught. I closed and oped mine eyes:
Old Valence and Beaucaire in battle met
O'er lofty towers raised their grim battle cries;
But Aucassin and tender Nicolette
Sped thru the woods, one horse, two lovers wise.

VIII. PRIMORDIA.

Long ere men's ingress on the fields and woods
Fairies and fauns did populate the earth,
And nymphs and dryads mantled in green hoods
Habited stream and tree, and fearful birth
Of demons warped the air, whilst giant fierce
Shook with huge pace the trembling country round,
And brownie tectors dwelt in the arrears
Of cavern or dim grot. Now none are found:
All are gone, yet in this after day
Along the ocean-shore their voice is hurled
In hollow thunder; and the wooded way,
Or stream remote, discloses an antique world
To one in quiet there,—quaint menuet
And faery delicately fabricated yet.

IX. SPRINGTIDE.

O the dear sense of the darling spring:

Her time is ever youth with buds and flowers,
And for her voice the sweetest birds do sing,
And for her tears there weep the little showers;
And her bright chariot's on the south-wind set,
And passionate springs her pure love down the dell
By green grass banks and fragrant violet,
Where pretty parks have each a tale to tell:
They tell how in the spring two lovers wooed
Within their closures by appointment meeting,
How love was true, sufficient, fair and good,
How youth like water-brooks or blossom fleeting,
How there they kissed neath aged apple trees
Whose sweetness spring was scattering on the breeze.

Sonnets from the Seven Hills.

I. *'Io sognai.'*

I dreamed I was a prince: unto me came
From swartest Ind to vineclad Normandy
All riches and proud worth in homage free
Of lovely princess and fair-dowered dame.
And mickle entertainment did we frame
To greet them in their wooings royally:
Rich feast, grand tournament and archery,
Music and mirth, or dance and play did claim
The willing hours. Yet none of these I chose
For jealous wife or pretty paramour:
Among them one, pale as from cloister close,
Of strange and southern sweetness moved me more
Than they,—where love great-hearted glows
In gentleness and beauty more worth than dower.

II. '*Non ricchezza.*'

Not expansive wealth extent in lands

With snow-capped mountains and dim valleys rich,
Nor the fair proffer of high-dowered hands

With eyes whose darting fires do bewitch;
Not all the salvaged values Neptune's streams

Hold neath the rondure of his salt domain,
Nor gold when Phoebus turns with glorious beams

The ocean's blue to sands of golden grain:
None of these could alteration bring

In my fast vows of constancy to thee;
Thru all the world my heart to thee will cling,

Our love shall as the heaven be great and free.
Loving to have a kingdom in thy heart
More worlds I hold in fee than ever wert.

III. *'Fa sospendirmi.'*

Bring me reprieve howe'er so slight from care,
And bear me far on dusk dream-wings of night;
For day is gone, and stars aloft alight
Like gems glance bright thru verdurous peach and pear:
Haw-crickets drone their catch, and evening air
Is soothe and balm, for seasonable his might
The autumn sun paced slow and mellow bright
Along his western steady thorofare.
O love, the day goes whither all days go
And with time's reaping what avails a plea?
Will not thy sweetness blow, where all sweets blow,
Thy beauty pass as daisy on the lea?
Sweet sleep, I woo thee, lend thy snowy breast
And in thy holy keeping give me rest.

IV. *‘Mai si bella la terra.’*

Never was earth so fair nor life so sweet :

Spring faces north again in rich attire,
And dew upon the morning grass doth greet

The mighty sun with thousand orbs of fire.
Soft winds move sighing from the South or West,

And a light fragrance wanders in the breeze,
Whilst sing a myriad winged creatures blest,

And woodlands call new pilgrims o’er the leas.
This is our time love; waxen season wanes

But our course tends no creature knoweth where,
Tho in the quiet of these earthly fanes

We feel a spirit permeate the air;
And in our yearning hearts’ immensity
We know the promise that true love may be.

V. *'O tu! quando saresti partita.'*

O love when one day thou shouldst go from me

To thy great spirit's call from whence it came;

When, as I press thee close and gaze on thee,

Thine eyes die in their last wild spark of flame;

When I behold emerged from their mentor,

Poised on the rondure of this universe,

Each grace and virtue that thy form did center

To make thee theme of music and proud verse:

Then let love be a death who comes to me

As faint as he is strong, and let him keep

For us else broke the troth that still must be

When free on vast eternity we leap.

For our bond hearts are bound with love's strong chain

That can not break tho death the bond do strain.

VI. *'La sua cara figura tremulosa.'*

Her dear lithe form that trembled in my arms

And on my shoulders drooped its head for rest
Is gone, and with her all those budding charms

That lovingly I to my bosom pressed.

What are these arms for, love, if not for thee;

And why shouldst thou be any-other-where?

When thou art here, then how enhappied me;

But when thou goest what a void is here.

So winter bare on teeming autumn treads,

And memory sweet alone recalls the spring;

So when the rose her purple chalice spreads

Comes time and gathers bud and blossoming;

Yet sense retains her fragrance in his heart

And I retain the memory what thou art.

VII. *'Quando quegli assassini.'*

When these assassins level on my life,
And thou dost hear the sullen solemn knell
Bid to the grave the remanence of their knife,
Whose gaping wounds drop at each rising swell;
Or when they set me near a mighty falls,
And on the world my final look bid make,
And shove me past the universe's walls,
Laughing how now my love will me forsake.
O fools how jealousy has reason slighted!
Did they think heaven has no earthly sway,—
When I on earth for all had been benighted,
Thou wouldst yield thee at an early day?
They knew thee not nor our on-earthly lot,
And owning hearts therein they could read not.

VIII. *‘Ma ti cognosc’io.’*

But I know thee tho others may not know

What azure lids bound heaven in thine eyes,

What star-like thots move there, how pure and wise,
Devout and holy, they to heaven do go.

Thy gift is such that still more stronger grow

Love’s chains that bind me, as each even dies

And fades upon the morrow,—such allies

Hast thou I need must always love thee so.

Could it be else: Were I prince of faery,

Sweet, thou shouldst be princess,—here on earth

’Twas destined one be born to love thee dearie,

And daily grow more worthy of thy worth.

Thou dost light and guide me with such eyes

To win aspiring, sunk in their silences.

IX. *'O fossi un'uomo.'*

'Would I were a man' thou long'st to be.

Would thou wert, yet other than thou art

I could not wish thee truly, dear, thy heart

So wondrous and unprized has grown to me.

Indeed, the space of man is far and free;

Yet few are they who live a great man's part.

Hast thou no little feeling in thy heart

Of some great spirit's calling unto thee?

Who is that woman that can lead a man

And gain him pardon at yon starry throne?

Where is she whose love and goodness can

Inspire his heart till heav'n and earth be won?

And of all striving under heaven's sun

What's more than to be woman or be man?

X. *'Quando io veggo.'*

When I see beauty crescent, once attained,
Poise like a star at his eternal moment,
Holding a thousand hues of heaven ingrained
For the rapt gazer's sweet-despairing comment;
When I behold him mighty from the goal,
Swifter than meteor, die upon his wane,
A bitter-sweet enanguishment of soul
Doth as a death numb me with dull hearts-pain:
For thou art beauty's self and heavenly made,
And when thou turnest what can comfort me,
Seeing betimes thy beauty's rose doth fade
As jealous seasons strive to ruin thee?
Yet fade, an't need be, love, so great of heart
Fade inly not,—still beauty is where thou art.

XI. *'Cara! pensava baciarti.'*

Sweet I thot to kiss you: no one knows

I thot to kiss you, and you turned away;

Nor aught doth memory's dull pangs allay,

So like toothed canker in the budded rose.

Yet love, thy great soul lightened neath thy brows:

Thou askedst me 'When others choose to play

At kisses, should I restrain.' Another day

Thou gavest what I sought once. But there goes

In that first thot what beggars me indeed:

What is done may none undo again;

So do bare thorns yield wounds that smartly bleed,

So triumph bears along a heartsick pain;

Perfection's marred, and all the lovely rede

Of love is bitter thru one rueful stain.

XII. *'Le ale portano.'*

High fancy sweet her airy wings doth lend

On days like this: far to thy love's warm dell
They bore me at the quiet even-end

Along the temperate May-tide's dreamy swell.
And O, to tell the numberless dear graces

Of sinuous stream, of lawn in that fair dingle,—
Of woodland flowers that gaze with frank full faces,
Or half the cosy warmth beside thine ingle:

Time to come would rate a poet mad

Who chronicled such things, or sketched in rime
Stories that the after dinner had,

And yearning-souled tone-sorrows of old time:
And did they read thee in my heart aright
They'd say such graces ne'er graced living wight.

XIII. *'Tutto glorificando.'*

All-glorifying o'er the pendant earth

The sun poured warmth and light that quiet morn,
As Mary prayed before the tomb forlorn
To ease her bosom's deep heart-aching birth
Of sorrow. Since He died, how little worth

The world seemed: He said He would be born
Again, alas! He said death should be shorn
Of its dark dread: So thot she in her dearth.

Then softly, tenderly a dear voice spake
Beside her: 'Lo! 'tis I; be not afraid'
And poured such balm upon her bosom's ache
She knew Him. O so pure and holy made
Of earthliness in death let my love take
E'en such a kiss as on her brow was laid.

XIV. *‘Mi viene una notte d'autunno.’*

One night comes to me in the autumn time:

My call had come and I should off to war;

Nor prayers, nor saints, nor angels could debar

That current compulsive in the battle's prime,—

God's work: they come now from the shop's dark grime,

Or office, college, Oregon afar,

And Maine or Florida,—no lack should mar

Our nation's triumph, resolved to do, or climb

The way to heaven. But! Sweet you were there

With friend and sister 'mid a thotful throng,—

Some gay, some sad, some tearful, many a pair

Watching the trains the river gorge along;

And love and faith showed in your visage fair,—

Your sweet small hand waved, and my heart grew strong.

XV. *‘Cercai la tranquillita della valle Tempe.’*

I sought the stillest nook in Tempe vale

And laid me down to rest; the fierce sun there

Made a green twilight in that palace fair,

Vine-canopied; and largely did prevail

Soft mosses or fine grass; and pretty frail

Pale primrose filled all sweetly the arched air

Of those vast halls, and feathery maidenhair

Trembled on the forest's darksome pale.

Suddenly soft music breathed around,

And nearer, 'til three spirits joyous mad

Broke from the forest, and to their sweet sound

Procession of all folk that faery had

Followed and kept a wedding on that ground,

And after faery dances quaint they made.

XVI. *‘Quando torno dallo strepito del mondo.’*

When from the world's cares I haste me home

I know a spirit there awaiteth me,
Who thru a garden to the gate will come

That in her arms I may full welcomed be;
And she will speak of little Jack and Bill,—

Many a thing those happy rogues have done;
And after dinner we will climb the hill,
And silent watch the quiet set of sun.

We understand that I should agonize;

Yet more across the heavens I'll write her name:
Few win the guerdon of so great a prize;

Few fires burn so sacrificial flame.
Her great love spells redemption in those eyes
Wherein I gaze and know is paradise.

XVII. *‘L’ultima foglia.’*

The last leaf, sweet,—thru many summer days

I’ve caught thee blades and blossoms from my brain,
And sought to praise thee. In a hundred ways

I’ve sought to praise thee, sweetheart, but my gain
Is this: I cannot tho I love thee much.

Thou art too dear for praise, all praise abates
Thy worth and excellence; to muse on such

As thou art one forgets what he relates.
It doth belittle thee to aught compare,

Save to heaven’s rich creative art
Filling heaven and earth with workings fair,
Slow in swiftness,—and thy constant heart
Is like to that its lights undreamed revealing,
For love unsealed thy lips to speak his feeling.

THE LOST LOVE.

O'er hill, thro' dale and park, thru wood,
Fill'd with the raptures of the May,
I wandered as only Zephyr could,
Or fairies a-Maying in frolic mood,—
All a bright springtide holiday.

'Neath canopy of sylvan green,
On dry fall'n leaves of dark dusk brown,
Glanced I, as moonlight silver sheen,
When on dancing wavelets seen,
Thro glades that May-sprites name their own.

Ah! the fountain's silver gleam!
Dashing high, low, soft and loud,
Source of this green soft-moss-bank'd stream,—
I'll lie where Phoebus darts his beam
And watch the lazy-pacing cloud.

O, to move as dreamily
As white-fleec'd cloud at eagle's height,
Blushing pearl with Phoebus' eye!
Far above the azure sky,
Below the earth with wonders bright.

I'd cool the peasant at his plow,
Laying my shadow o'er his ground,
Then he'd raise his freshen'd brow,—
O'er cities lofty, busy now,
I'd see their hurry, hear their sound.

THE LOST LOVE.

Or folded in white shrouding sheet,
Not dead, contented but to be,
I'd wrap me airily in dreams sweet,
Of knights, and lovely ladies meet
Nobly to win at fierce tourney.

I'd love to forge the thunder-flash,
Vast, white, tumbled in the van
Of coming storm, and rolling dash
The bolt, met with the massy crash
Of 'tillery and re-echoing pan.

But rather to the deep blue sea,--
I'd sport i' the winds at flap o' the sails
And watch the ships cross ridingly
The foamy deep, and chidingly
I'd outrace them in the gales.

Up! up! you've rested all too long!
Dreams sweeter far there be than this:
Somewhere the violets dance in song,
And fancies olden floating throng
The mind with storied tales of bliss.

The soft green margent length I danc'd,
Enticed with hope along the way,—
When on such beauteous scene I chanc'd,
Where everything was so enhanc'd,
I gently kneel'd to softly pray.

THE LOST LOVE.

A sinuous course the streamlet took,
Till dashing down a merry fall
A crystal lake was round out-strook,
Girt in by vines and trees,—the nook
Inviting did with moss-lawn call.

Thro' twice six feet I swept the air;
The moss edge yielded velvetly,
While woodland bower so bright and fair
Received me: trees, vines past compare
Closed in the nest with greenery.

Folds serpentine of ivy hung
In aptly fashioned canopies;
The grape was neatly overstrung
On huge, high oaks, where blithely sung
Gay birds 'mid hum of busy bees.

Here violets tent their rich blue beds
And meet the monstrous wood behind,
Horrid and dark. Here bright sun sheds
On rhododendrons,— purples, reds,—
Above the spring: so warm unkind.

Clear as a crystal harmony
Sweet Arethuse inviting breathed
From cool white-pebbled depth a sigh,
Received me with a gentle cry,
Nimble in her bosom wreathed.

THE LOST LOVE.

Now languished on the moss I lie
A moment,— then another dive,—
Deep, deep,— I to the bottom ply;
O'erhead the lurking waters sigh
And sparkling bubbles kisses give.

In and out Echo tells tale,
Laughing and playing in the wood;
Entwines me in her arms, more frail
Than when Narcissus shunned her, pale
Entreating him, unkind and rude.

Ah, there he is, flower bright with gold,
So meek and loving, pensive, sweet,
“Does Echo court you, try to hold
You in that former fond enfold—
Ashamed you seem—No more nymphs greet?”

With that I vanished in the lake.
(O Arethuse! how deep thy bliss!)
Then rising for a breath's intake
What vision beauteous e'er could make
My heart beat throbbingly as this?

Standing on the mossy strand,
To me inquiring—“Who art thou,
O Spirit fair?”—she raised a hand,
And with a voice as great and grand
As Juno's speaking why and how!

THE LOST LOVE.

Yet with a mien as Dian's pure,
Mingled with love—"I, youth fair,
No vision am, I do assure;
But maiden, as you see, demure
Mistress of all, both here and there,

This garden"—'Entity enow!
Permit me but that I enrobe;
And may I wander where and how
It please with thee, and love bestow
The rosy hours at our approve!"

Then turning, while I fast adorn
Me in my robe of scented flowers,
Words voiced in music welled heart-born
From her sweet lips, as on that morn
God's spheric chime rang 'Joy to Powers.'

SONG.

Today the rose
In beauty blows
And honied breathes amid the vales;
Bees drink deep
And they are sped,
Loves asleep
Her chalice red

THE LOST LOVE.

Make their blissful little bed ;
Mortal spirit fainting fails
Bitter-sweet love-nectar fed ;
For this, God's morning of the world,
Is mine, and I with love enfurled
Take the vast deep as blows
In beauty today the rose.

She sang twining a myrtle crown
For me (a like one spake her fair),
Which, as I came and kneeled me down,
She, laying back the wavelets brown,
Girt on them,— 'O lovely ! O fair !

Spirit paler than grass windswept
On Neptune's misty yellow sea sands'
Love spake.—A faint blush lightly crept
'Neath her dark eyes, as Dawn surrept
The rosy East, o'erpearling the sea-strands.

To pen her fair ! 'twere aye defying
Sweet reason ; for in fabled story
Ne'er more beauteous being sighing
For love was writ, or pale descriing
The stars for love : to her was glory,

As Dian's, when in her retreat,—
Eurotas' pleasant shaded coves
Or Cynthus' hill, Oreads meet
At noontide, trained on dainty feet
By her who more than goddess moves.

THE LOST LOVE.

Her soul spake love from southern eyes,
Deep dusk glossy wells to lose
One's being in—"Sweet youth arise,"
She said, giving her hand, 'there lies
A mazy way if we but choose.'

Her hand pressed, lingered— (ah! then die!
O love, when love feels love returned,
And soul and spirit in either's eye
Glow rapt, as fainting with a sigh
The body fails to that breath burned.)

'O love! I faint for thee! Pray hear
My prayer and save me e'er I fall,
Essential wrought! I fondly fear
Thy touch of ecstasy so near
Sooth wine of sleep's soft call.'

She held me, kissed my beating brow,—
As plodding o'er the broken glebe
Nigh sunny noon behind his plow
The peasant feels some breath doth blow
A blessing both to take and give.

'Sweet youth, this lily's snowy cup,
Brim-filled o' coolness from the spring
Renews thee,—drink! anon, we'll up,
Ho merrily, at length to sup
The cell-stored sweets the seasons bring.'

THE LOST LOVE.

As doth to airy nothing cling
In August fairy gossamer,
Which dusky spinners to seaward fling,
O'er breathless Ocean way to wing
Safely their course: so on sheer

Exquisite joy for life too strong,
Thro park, o'er brook, uphill, downdale,
In garden out, bright bowers we throng,
While hearts o'erflowing burst in song
Of love, soul-burning in spirits pale.

SONG.

- A. O love thou art fair
As morn's dewdrops bright.
B. O love fair art thou
As star to the night,
When Zephyr breathes low;
So throbs Hesper with light.

A. & B. O lovely, O fair.

- A. Thy breath is of spring.
B. Thou breathest of flowers
That nod o'er the heaths.
A. As fresh after showers
So the air my love breathes
As we dance with the hours.

A. & B. Thy sweet has love's sting.

THE LOST LOVE.

- A. How pure is my love?
As May's bluest sky,
As song of the lark,
Heart born, heaven high.
B. And mine ne'er death dark
Shall dim, as yours high.

A. & B. So pure is my love.

- A. O God, thou art love;
B. Thy works are thy praise;
A. Thy clouds move above
B. But they hide not thy ways.
A. Thine be the glory!

A. & B. O, keep us our days,—

A. & B. Thou art love, thou art love!

Singing we loved and loving sang,
As two white lilies by the brook
Sweetly nodding as they hang
In springtime, 'mid the silver plang
Of waters thru their crannied nook.

Betimes gay hours had swiftly steeped
Their flight toward eve: Soon even to morn
Were gone: so centuries dark-heep'd
Of minutes, hours, days, years, have deeped
Vast-rolled eternities sans bourne.

THE LOST LOVE.

The hour was come when at day's close
All is peace and all is praise :
Far off a lonely bullock lows—
Beauteous all creation shows
The splendor of the first of days.

Ten thousand bird throats psalming God,
Contented shout rapt virelays ;
His three-years' child meets on the road
The plowman,— still man's dear abode
Is good as on the first of days.

Ten billion blossoms breathe for Him ;
As many trees give fruit and shade ;
A violet at the fountain's rim
Looks up,— His pleasure is the slim,
Pure-hearted, tender, loving maid.

And now the sun more mellow growing,
Unsphered by hills, seeks ocean-stream
To steep him cool ; solemn bestowing
His even blessing, amber blowing
Then dusk, the dome with softened beam.

'O love, flushed Phoebus rolls him on
O'er yon empurpling westward hills ;
Or ere we know, fair day is gone :
Seek we then some bower anon
To cheat the Maytide's even chills.'

THE LOST LOVE.

The way wound o'er green knolls; 'mid dark
Rock-caverns hung with brushwood green,
To a steep-bounded stilly park,—
A rood, a hollow—one could mark
The cliff's tip 'gainst blue heaven's sheen.

While at the edge the mighty fall
Wreaks dizzy, and the torrential roar
Of mountain-stream yields up the call,
While Echo trembles over all
And dim the valley sways before.

Dark solemn pines rose at their post:
We countersigned, passed by the guard
Of stately trees—and lo! a host
Of boughs full-blossom'd,— like a ghost
Stood out inside a country yard.

'O love, 'tis sweet in this warm nook,
Where spirits olden quaint have wrought
An antique order for some book
Of romance; let me rest and look
On thee,— for faintness I'm unwrought.'

'Good youth rest on this rustic seat:
Soon I am back.'— The apple bloom
Breathed languor thru the still retreat,
And Zephyr-touched spread at my feet
A snowy carpet of perfume.

'Here youth is milk : a gentle pair
Of swains I know have given me ;
Their home is a mete haven there
Where towers the rock ; a goodly share
Of honey and brown loaves have we.'

We ate—'See love, how lucent grows
The Even-star as dusk creeps in
The orchard boughs !' 'How Zephyr throws
The smoothy chalice. Deeply glows
The azure : all is peace again.'

'O love, thy hair's soft thistle down
For brownness plays the chestnut burr'—
'O love, my fluttering senses drown
With sleep—be fain to lay the crown
Aside for me—and I prefer

To drink deep slumber, drinking so,—
In your embrace.' 'So rest good youth !'
'Anon he sleeps,—and must I go ?
Alas, 'tis better parting so,—
To dream, to kiss, awake to truth.

But as a dream may this day be
For thee, to vanish ere Apollo
Has stol'n the dewdrops stealthily
From all sound buds and greenery,
And caught skip shadows from the fallow.

Youth! youth! White temple of sleep
Stir not! Goddess aid me now
On Paphos,— oh! one kiss as deep
As first Love's! Soft dusk eyes that peep
Twixt wake and sleep! farewell, farewell.'

I dreamt warm-wrap't in her embrace;
She kissed me at the coming dawn;
Twixt wake and sleep I saw her grace
Melt into dew. Night's lovely place
Is vanished,— and my love is gone.

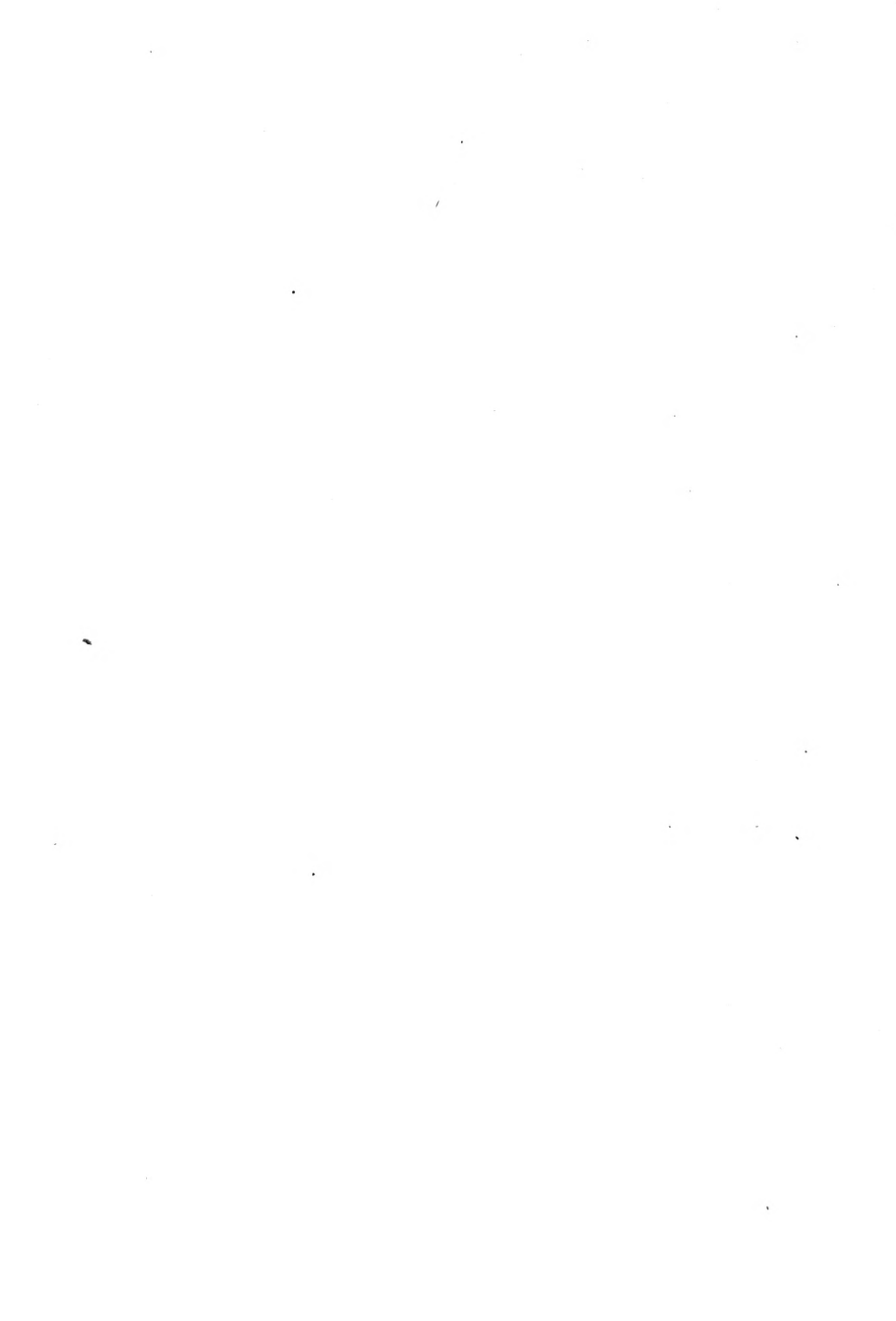
Waking found me lonely here,
Lying on the mossy stones:
The lapping wavelets of the mere
Stir the sedges with their drear,
Lulling, lingering monotonous.

Tho springtide's promise be in sheaves,
And apples red-ripe fill the store,
And the cool North 'gin stir the leaves,
Yet will I seek for more and more
The loss which most my heart bereaves.

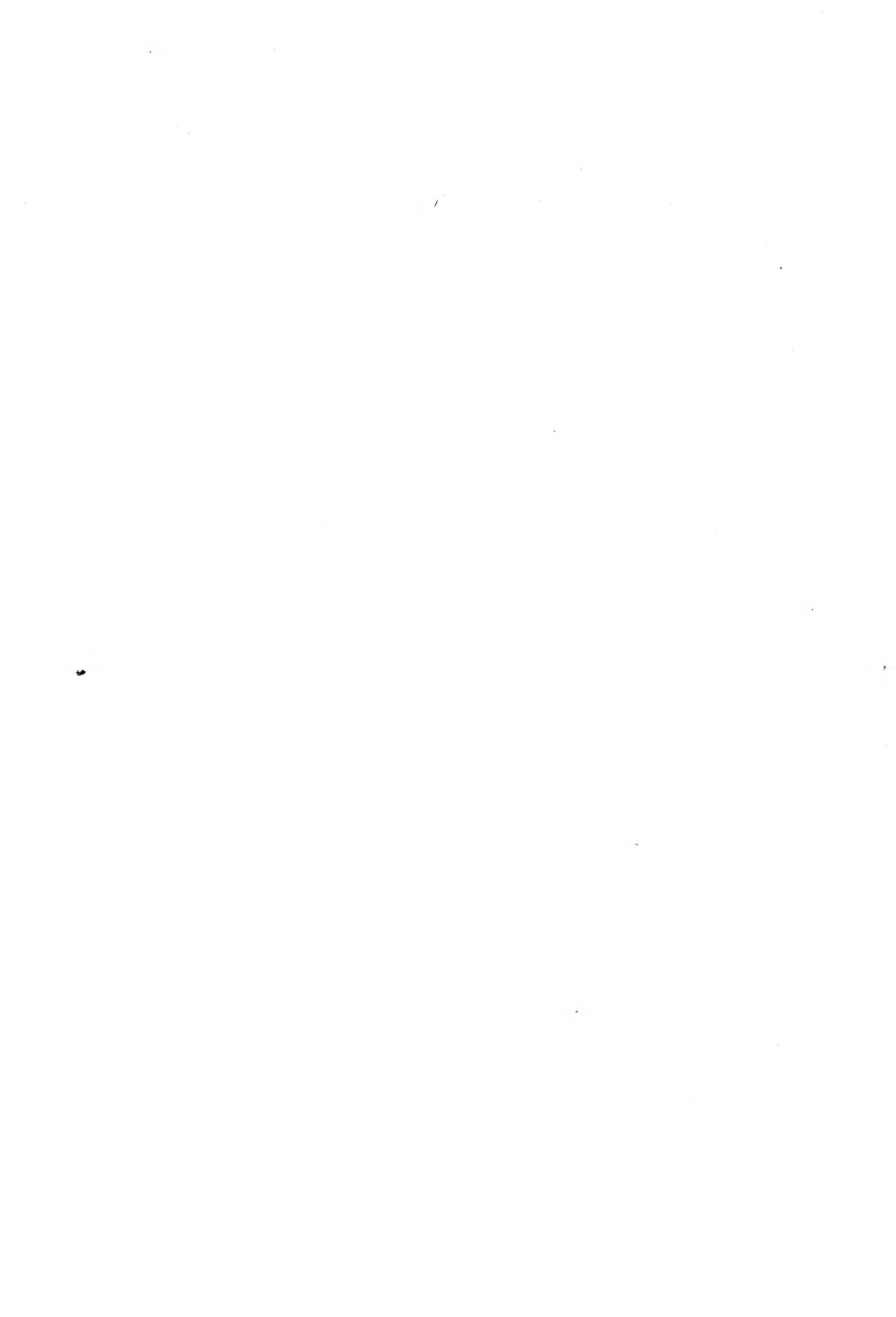
And so I wander 'mid the hills,
And search the rainbows of the falls
For my lost love, whose grace distils
In pearls of dew from sunny rills
Nor deigns to list my softest calls.

GOOD DEEDS.

As stars at night,
As moonlight on crystal water,
As dewdrops in light,
As heroes 'mid slaughter,
As flowers at spring,
And spring in seasons,—
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.







LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 016 235 597 1